

DOMESTICATING THE BUFFALO.

Success of a Mix in Manitoba-Hardy Cattle-The Electro-Hybrids.

A gentleman is now successfully domesticating the American Buffalo at Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Starting his herd in 1878 with four heifer calves and one bull, it now numbers sixty-one head; the greater number are pure buffalo, the rest half breeds. When we saw them in January all were sleek and fat and yet they were then living on the open prairie and feeding on the prairie grasses covered by snow. At this time the snow was deep and the thermometer had for long registered 30 degs. or more below zero. In January of the preceding year one of the calves had calved on the plain and although at the time the thermometer registered 28 degs. below zero neither cow nor calf appeared to suffer in the least. When a blizzard comes on the animals lie down together with their backs to the wind and allow the snow to drift over them so that under the combined protection of their own wool and the snow they are quite warm. Not one of this herd has ever exhibited the slightest symptoms of disease, although the only care they receive is occasional watching to prevent them from straying away. This winter and summer they live and thrive on the bare prairie with numbers undiminished by any of the ordinary cattle scourges and with expenses for care reduced to a minimum.

Each year, the great steer weighing from ten to fourteen pounds, is shot, and its manufacture into thick, warm cloth was at one time a regular industry at Winnipeg, until it was discontinued by the extirpation of the animals in the adjoining region. In its market value the buffalo is not behind its smoother relative; for even if the quality of the meat is inferior the difference is more than made up by the great weight of the animal and by the value of the robe, which usually brings from \$10 to \$15. As draught animals they have proved a success; for notwithstanding their great strength, endurance and activity, they are as easily handled as ordinary oxen. In one particular only is the buffalo far inferior to other species of cattle, and that is as a milker; but to the ranchman milk is really of no consequence.

Mr. Bullock, the owner of the herd, after experimenting with crosses is well satisfied with the hybrid, as it is in shape more like the domesticated cow, and is also a fair milker. Yet we doubt that this is sufficient to compensate for the deterioration of the flesh while it would be a matter of endless regret if in the prosecution of these experiments the original pure race were lost. The rate of increase of the buffalo, though theoretically the same as with other cattle, is really much higher on account of the lower rate of mortality.—American Agriculturist.

The Typical Mining Prospector.

"The queerest thing in the whole mining business to me," said a bright eyed and talkative passenger from the west, named Eastman, "is the prospector. I should think some good writer could take up the prospector and make a hero of him, or put him in a play as the central figure. The typical prospector is certainly a study. He comes into town all excited; he flies so high he can hardly touch the ground with his feet. His face is radiant, and he can hardly abstain from talking with every one he meets. Finally he picks out a well-to-do citizen, takes him aside and whispers in his ear:

"I've struck her. Struck her rich this time. Got her sure. A big lead; sure for tone. All I want is a chance to show her up. Say, grab stake me and I'll give you half. It's a fortune for both of us, and no mistake."

"Probably this citizen doesn't put up the grub stake. He has heard the same story before. But somebody does—a grub stake, you know, is an outfit for working a mining claim, consisting chiefly of food to keep the prospector going while at work digging—and away he goes, hopping and skipping, into the mountains.

"In a few months he returns. His plump legs hang between his legs, as it were. He looks sheepish and shame-faced. He sneaks around the camp a few hours and finally gathers up enough courage to go to his master and report the failure of the claim.

"In a few weeks or months the same performance is gone through with again. Again he is just as confident as he was before, just as radiant, quite as sure that he has 'struck her—struck her at last, and big at that, by gosh.' He gets another grub stake, and fairly flies with wings into the mountains. A few more months and he is back again, just as shame-faced as he was the other time, quite as crestfallen. In this way he goes on year after year. Why, I know men of this sort who have been engaged in this way for ten or twelve years, two or three times a year they are rich and as many times poor."—Chicago Herald.

Demand for Gold Coins.

Superintendent Fox of the Philadelphia mint, says: "We have incessant demand for gold coins of this year's mintage. The department has authorized me to strike only a limited number, and we started in this week to keep up the continuity of years for any other reason. The supply is not over sufficient to meet the demand. Whether the applications go to meet actual necessities or for speculation I do not know. There are a number of people who speculate on the new coinage. This department is to accumulate fine sets of select coins, carry them dilatately away and sell them at considerable advance. I look upon it as an outrage that this institution should be used for purposes for profiting only to, in a measure, cover the market; and I am sure using all the care I can so that the portion I am permitted to deliver shall go over to such persons as are strictly legitimate and not for speculation."—*Concord Courier-Concord*.

What the Metric Steant.

Years ago in the summer in the high school of Princeton had the reputation of passing examinations in Latin whose parents were especially poor and hence at the time less very inclined toward the study of the Latin classics. One day, after some hard thinking over the unfortunate boy, I went up with the explanation:

"Now see, you've a stupid fellow. I suppose you even know the Latin initials of the schools."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, what is it?"

"No grammar teacher."

"Now give the kingdom of that."

"Unless you are a bird's eye you needn't come here."

Logan as an Orator.

Dangerous Counterfeit Coin.
The inability of counterfeiters to produce exact or indistinguishable representation of bank notes will tend, I think, to cause that enterprise to be given up in the near future, and operations confined to forged coins only. I think it will be carried on by persons of genius skilled in the working of metals, and of a totally different stamp from the ordinary planchette moulder. It would be almost impossible to detect gold coins 10 per cent alloy. It is possible to get the weight of such exactly the same as the genuine, and the difference in the size can be made almost imperceptible. To do this it would be necessary merely to subject the coin to sufficient pressure over that employed at the mints. Such a coin it would be almost impossible to detect in the ordinary run of business. Gold coins are not to be relied on always, and the weight, ring, and size being near the genuine, it would require the experience of one whose life is devoted to such work to detect the difference. In places where a great deal of money is handled, I have no doubt that in a few years an expert will be employed to do nothing but weed out the counterfeits.—*Globe Democrat*.

THE DEAD IN THE MORGUE.

People Visit the Disposal Place Just to Satisfy Their Curiosity.

It was 7 o'clock a. m., and Joe Fogarty, the keeper of the Morgue, had just turned the key in the lock of his office door, when an elderly man and two women crossed the green extending between the Morgue and Bellevue hospital. The night previous the body of a well dressed young man had been brought to the Morgue. It was a case of suicide and the morning papers had long accounts of the young man's death, which, as well as his personal, were shrouded in mystery.

"Good morning, sir," said one of the women, who was young and prepossessing. "You have here, I believe, the body of a young man who killed himself last night in the — hotel?"

"Yes, madam; would you like to see him?" asked Joe.

"Yes; we came here for that purpose." Joe led the way into the wooden shed called the dead house, and lifting the cover from an ordinary pine box exposed to view the body of the young man. The visitor looked at it in silence for a moment, and then the young woman said, in the same matter-of-fact tone in which she might have remarked upon the qualities of a picture:

"How beautiful he is! See!" pointing to a small red spot near the left temple, "that is where the bullet entered. Isn't it?" she asked, appealing to Joe.

"Yes," replied the latter; "you don't seem to recognize him?"

"Oh, no," she returned; "we did not expect to. Our curiosity was excited by the accounts in the morning papers. I was up early and I got up and made to come down and see the body. What a mysterious affair! And he so young, too. I wonder what made him do it! Do you suppose it was a love affair?"

The young woman continued to rattle along in a composed manner, while her parents silently inspected the body. They remained a quarter of an hour, and by the time they went away a number of other morbidly curious people had arrived. It was with difficulty that Joe got rid of them.

"Of all the posthumous rankers in this world," said Joe to a reporter later in the day, "deliver me from these curious people who like to see nothing so well as a corpse. In the many years I have been here I have never known of a single case that was published in the newspapers that did not bring a lot of these busybodies around. In cases where there was considerable publicity I have even known them to come here without their breakfasts."

"Last summer there was a case of a young woman who killed herself in a prominent hotel. Nobody knew who she was, and the papers published columns about it. We actually had to call in the police to drive the crowds away. They were all well dressed people, too, and looked respectable. Many of them, in fact, had the appearance of being wealthy. When the old farmer—whose daughter the suicide was—finally arrived, he with difficulty escaped them. They seemed to have no sense of propriety, and plied him with all sorts of questions. It was a disgraceful scene, and we had to use force to allow the poor broken-hearted man to get away."—*New York Mail and Express*.

Flogging at Eton.

Flogging is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fagmusters at almost all hours to bring them water and to look out for their spuds, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses, where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use, where they boil water, brew tea and toast bread. Many beatings have been given in those little kitchens. Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verse! And yet, take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work just as he does to verse making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And, if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what master! With a little experience he learns to strip off the black with a knife.—*St. Nicholas*.

Picking the Wrong Lock.

With stealthy hand he strove to clip one golden ringlet from her head. "Ah, don't!" Then, with a smiling lip, "They are my sister Jane's," she said. —*Harper's Magazine*.

Suitcase to the Times.

"I want a regular stow," said a sauced man with a smile of despair.

"What kind of stow do you want? Self-feeler?" asked the dealer.

"Self-feeler. Closet. Not a self-feeler stow will ever fit a ten and a thimble closet at home. You must be insured. I want a stow that you can feed with a spoon—one that doesn't get angry more than twice a week and doesn't let it out to meet three room women when the master is below zero. A self-feeler stow! I want one that I can bring up on a bottle."—*Chicago Herald*.

Some Hope for Boston.

It is claimed by a correspondent that the amount of the proposed volume of "Personal Correspondence" by the John Lawes, now to be published, will be about one thousand, as it is now, in a volume that only 2500 copies are to be sold.

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(DAILY and WEEKLY)

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FRIDAY MAY 6, 1887.

THE circulation of the WEEKLY HERALD this week is nearly **3,000**.

MANY citizens are of the opinion that the population of Calgary is now fully 3,000. We are not in a position to judge accurately but would favor the appointment of a census commissioner to decide the matter. If our population is 3,000, it has doubled in a year—a fact which would excite universal comment.

This edition of the WEEKLY HERALD will doubtless reach the hands of many who are entire strangers to this country. If any are induced by reading it to come to Calgary they will receive a hearty welcome. If any information is desired either privately or through these columns it will be cheerfully given by the editor.

It is believed that the Chinook Belt Railway Company will be granted a charter during the present session of Parliament on terms which insure the commencement of the road this year. It is impossible to exaggerate the amount of good this will do the Calgary district, and especially the town. Given another rail road Calgary's growth would be unprecedented.

TAXES is a good deal of grumbling at the tardiness displayed by the council in carrying out the public work authorized last winter. We believe the delay is not due to neglect on the part of the aldermen, but to the lack of funds to carry out the works. As soon as the assessment roll is revised a by-law will be submitted authorizing the issue of debentures and then we may expect more satisfactory results.

The High River cattle men meet on Tuesday next, the 10th inst., not the 9th as stated last week, to arrange for the general round up. There will doubtless be a full attendance and a thorough discussion of matters affecting the cow business. We would suggest that some decided action be taken in regard to prairie fires. There is a sure way of making the practice of setting out fires unpopular—that is by detecting and punishing the culprits—and the stockmen should demand that assistance be given by the authorities towards lessening the evil.

BANFF BANTER.

The Governor's Visit—C P R Hotel and Other Buildings.

BANFF, May 1—The night before last we had a heavy snow storm, but yesterday's sun cleared it all away. Last night we had a much heavier one, and this morning there was fully eight inches of snow on the ground. It continued for the greater part of the day, but this afternoon was very fair and most of it disappeared.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney and Mr. McGirr, secretary, left last night for Regina. If his honor could have remained for a day or two longer I believe it was the intention to tender him a banquet.

Building is going on very rapidly. Mr. Johnson, the late station agent here, is having a building erected on Banff Avenue. Mr. D. M. Blackwood of Winnipeg is putting up a residence on Bow Avenue, and Mr. J. M. Neelin of Port Arthur is erecting a store in which he intends to open it in the gents furnishing line.

Mr. Russell, foreman, with a number of carpenters has arrived to commence the construction of the C P R hotel at once.

I hear that the plans are being prepared of houses to be erected here for the accommodation of the officials of the Pacific division of the C P R.

Jas. Winters and Jas. Fraser were captured peddling whiskey the night before last by Const. Det. N. W. M. Police, and were yesterday brought before the A. Stewart, J. P., and fined \$20 and costs each.

Dr. Orton Grain who has been physician at the Sanitarium all the winter has left

for Manitoba, Manitoba, much to the regret of his numerous friends, all of whom wish him luck in his new field of labor.

DONALD DRIFT:

DONALD, B.C., April 30—The town is daily increasing in size. A number of buildings are under construction. R. Phillips has his new saloon completed. He will do wholesale and retail business.

The Dominion saloon will in future be the American hotel.

Frank Fisher has opened up a restaurant in the Hub dining room.

A number of men are in town waiting for the snow to leave the bush. They are going to Montana by the way of the Kootenay Lakes.

The body that was found last week near the Beaver, is that of Charles Eavens, the cook that was drowned in November last in rear of the Woodbine hotel, while getting water from the Columbia River.

Finlay and McInnis, two young men of Donald, are about to patent a snow plow. It is entirely new and it is said ten miles an hour can be made in four feet of snow. We wish the enterprising young men success in obtaining their patent—but what will the C P R do with their plow?

THE BAND CONCERT.

The town band will give a concert on or about the 10th of this month and are hard at work practising selections for the occasion. Antrobus has also kindly given the Police band permission to help the boys out with their programme, which will consist of vocal and instrumental music by the best performers the town can produce. It may not be out of place to give a few facts in connection with the history of our band. As a general thing the majority of the public do not seem to grasp the idea that, it takes money to keep a band going, and also, that a bandman cannot live on "bunch-grass." When our Calgary band first started, a subscription was taken through the town for the purpose of raising money to purchase instruments; the citizens responded most liberally and for a while after their arrival all went well; but, as musicians came in, more instruments were sent for, and then complications arose which have never been solved to the present day; whenever the band was engaged, the money, instead of going to the band, went to pay for the new instruments, thus giving each one a certain claim on them, then some more outside subscriptions came in; they too went towards paying the debt. About a year ago the band filled several engagements and received no remuneration at all, some of the members got discontented, as indeed they had good cause to, and resigned, keeping possession of their horns; the town said those horns belong to us; the men replied that as soon as their claim upon the instruments was paid the town could have them and not before, this caused some ill feeling and the band came to be looked on as an ill-conditioned lot. Will any fair minded man having had the facts thus fairly put before him and knowing that these men gave up their leisure hour to practice on and worked to pay for those instruments, blame them for the course they pursued? For about a year and a half Mr. Scollen was teacher, he gave up night after night, in all sorts of weather and walked in from his Mission property to town to practice, and he didn't get a "thank you" for it. Mr. Patterson is now teaching the band, he is getting no salary for his services. To add to the trouble of the outfit, there is quite a balance owing on the uniforms, although they were made at a very moderate figure and some of our townsmen subscribed liberally towards footing the bill. The question now arises, what is the best way to help the boys out? The very fact of their getting up this entertainment instead of bringing round a subscription list, goes to show that they would wish to help themselves; therefore, would it not be a good suggestion for the town to turn out en masse to their concert and give them the encouragement they so richly deserve.

THE FIRE HALL.

Now that the Fire Hall is nearing completion, a short description of it may not be without interest to some of THE HERALD readers. The building is, without doubt, one of the most completely finished west of Winnipeg, all the appointments being arranged in the most convenient positions for immediate action. The building, has an area of 41x51 feet, standing upon a stone foundation two feet in thickness, the stone for which was quarried in the vicinity of the town.

The ground floor contains a main hall, a bed room, engineer's room and a spacious tool room. In the main hall, on the right hand side, stands the steamer, under which is a solid brick ash pit, so that all danger in cleaning is avoided; overhead is a large funnel running to the chimney at the back of the building, the object being to carry off all smoke and steam caused in lighting up. In the centre stand the two hose reels directly underneath the tower, in which the hose is hung so that no time will be lost in getting out when an alarm is sounded. On the left side of the building is the hook and ladder apparatus, it is a first rate gear up, built by Mr. W. Jarrett, at the workshops of Mr. John Rivel, on the other side of the track.

Behind the steamer at the back of the building are the stairs leading up to the men's hall, this room is 40x40 and 12 feet in height; the men belonging to the brigade intend fitting it up as a reading and recreation room; in front of this again are the spacious bedrooms for the use of the men.

The hose tower is seventy-five feet in height and a grand view can be obtained from the top; it is situated at the front and in the centre of the building so that the hose hangs almost directly over the reels. At the top of the building is a large loft which will be left, for the pres-

ent, unfinished, but which can at very short notice be divided into a gaudy number of large rooms. Immediately in front of the hall is the large tank, which Mr. McCoskie says holds 40,000 gallons of water, and which he estimates would keep the engine working four hours to empty. Altogether the fire hall will, when finished, be a great credit to our town, and the architects, Messrs. McCoskie and Kemp, I think it is the most complete concern of the kind they have ever taken charge of in this country.

PERSIA'S RAGGED REGIMENTS.

Shabby Soldiers of the Shah—Thieving Officers and Their Plunder.

The Persian soldier, even on state occasions, presents generally a rather ludicrous appearance. His uniform is of cotton cloth and mostly of a deep blue color. It is made of what we call shirting, and when new is very suitable clothing in a warm country. But soon the military buttons begin to disappear and are replaced by substitutes of all sorts, shapes, colors and sizes.

The hair disappears from the warrior's sheepskin shako, which quickly grows shabby on account of his habitually using it as a pillow. Moreover, the foot coverings of no two men in the regiment are alike, and the whole crew presents a melancholy appearance.

But yet the Persian soldier does the best he can. Previous to a review or formal parade he may be seen carefully preparing a plume of white feathers, procured from the nearest domestic fowl, and binding them to a piece of stick. When this martial plume has attained the size of a lamp brush he triumphantly affixes it to a shako. On the occasion of official illuminations composite candles are served out by the local governor at the rate of one to each man. The colonel has, of course, a greater number of men on his list than ever make an appearance; he keeps the difference. The other officers appropriate half the remaining candles. The non-commissioned officers eat it a. steal a certain proportion, and at length one candle is served out to every five men. This is divided into five portions, a new wick is inserted, and when the regiment is paraded, at a given signal a box of matches is passed round, and the regiment triumphantly presents arms with a lighted candle in each man's musket as per general order.

The pay of the Persian soldier is nominally seven tomans (\$2 15c) per annum and rations. He is lucky if he gets half his pay, which does not reach him till it has passed through the hands of many persons, his superiors. But his rations of three and a half pounds of bread a day are quite another matter. If his rations are tampered with the soldier mutinies at once, and there is no atrocity of which the Persian soldier robed of his rations is incapable.—*St. James' Gazette*.

BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.

A Desperate and Gallant Charge Made by Gen. Frank Blair's Brigade.

A charge made by Gen. Frank Blair on Monday, the last and bloodiest day of the battle, was one of the most desperate and gallant feats recorded in history. Separating him from the sleep-bliss occupied by the enemy was a cottonwood grove, which had been felled by the Confederates, and which was an entanglement through which an armed, unencumbered man could pass with only the greatest difficulty. On the side of the cottonwood mass, next to the enemy's position, was a deep bayou, whose opposite bank was some ten feet in height. On this bank was a series of abatis, whose pointed limbs barred the approach of a hostile force.

Just beyond the abatis was the first line of rifle pits. Gen. Blair, with four regiments,

was assigned to carry the position in front of him. He must make his way through the dense fallen cottonwoods, he must then descend into, cross the deep and muddy bayou, climb its steep bank beyond and then break through the deep abatis that crowned its top, where he would find himself at a level, unbroken space swept by rifle pits, scores of guns and other lines of defences which covered the foot of the sloping bank beyond.

One would fancy that the foot of charging across this space, every inch of which was swept by riflemen and artillery, would be an utter impossibility. Mounted and in full uniform, the gallant Missourian led the charge. How he ever forced his way through the fallen timber, descended into and climbed out of the bayou, gained a passage through the abatis, and all the time covered with a tempest of shell and bullet, and escaped annihilation cannot be told. But he did it all, and accompanied by single men, also mounted, he rode into the first line of rifle pits. His regiments struggled after him, and secured lodgment in the first line of works, and held them for a time, but, being unsupported they had to return to their original position.

Blair was a most interesting man in every respect. Tall, well formed, with a "sandy" complexion, light gray eyes, heavy mustache, clean shaved face, and a fine forehead covered with a mass of reddish hair, distingue in style and bearing, he was handsome and commanding. He was slow and deliberate in speech, like one accustomed to addressing large audiences; he was versatile, doing everything well, from leading a charge to uncorking a bottle, and in all instances characterized by a calm, dispassionate manner and a manner full of dignity. He never seemed to have the slightest knowledge of the composition of fear—if he did, he concealed the fact so completely that on no occasion was its existence discovered.

In conversation he was a polite, attentive listener, and an engaging, unassuming talker. Beneath all his outward calmness he had a tremendous force, a fact which was demonstrated by the momentum with which he threw his column against the bristling, deadly heights of Chickasaw bayou.—*Post-Blair* in Chicago Times.

The Globe's Rainfall.

From 34,000 to 35,000 cubic miles of rain falls every year upon the surface of the globe. The rivers carry off barely one-half, the rest disappears by evaporation, by the absorption of the earth, and by being taken up by plants, animals and mineral oxidation.—*Chicago Times*.

"One Cent Lunch" Stands.

A "one cent lunch" stand having been established in New York city, there is a demand for more of them. The bill of fare is soup, stewed fish, pork and beans, coffee, milk and bread.

Making the Experiment.

Let us make an experiment. Here is a boy, ten years old, who has never used tobacco.

"Charles, will you help us to make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it in your mouth. Chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of the juice into that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold, deathlike perspiration. Put your fingers upon his wrist. There is no pulse. He will sleep for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a glass of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if not very careful, you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco in its ordinary state is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare one) which, taken into the mouth of that ten-year-old boy and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects.

During the time Hearn was in training for one of his historic fights I had a long conversation with him and his famous trainer, about tobacco. While at Benicia, as some of his fellow workmen have since told me, John was a devotee of the pipe. In my first conversation with him we had been talking over some of his California experiences, particularly the discovery of that wonderful lost list, when one of his cronies, with cigar in hand, came in crying out: "I've got a good one for you, Jack; none of your two for a cent. I gave a quarter for it, or I'm an Indian."

"Hark, you know I can't touch that thing now. A fellow can't smoke while he is in training."

"What's the matter, old fag? You never said die in Benicia."

"See here, Hark, I've got to get this muscle as hard as a brick" (folding his left arm and feeling of the biceps), "and tobacco won't work. Charlie would kill me if I were to smoke that cigar. He's just made up his mind that I shall win, and he won't let me look at a cigar. He won't let the boys smoke in my room."

I asked an old trainer who had charge of one of the successful Madison Square Garden pedestrains, how much three cigars a day during the three months of training would affect his man.

"I am sure it would beat him," was the reply.

A long experience has taught the fraternity of trainers that tobacco is an enemy to muscle, an still greater enemy to nerve, tone and endurance.—*Dr. Louis*.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

A Pleasure Trip Under the Streets of the Gay Metropolis.

Excursions under Paris form one of the features in the movement for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent floods in France, and these orgiastic sojourns are liberally patronized by the fashionable world. A reporter of *The Gil Blas* gives this description:

"We started from the Place Chatelet at 8 o'clock and descended a little winding staircase, the steps and walls of which were covered with a green cloth fringed by a red border. There is not the slightest danger of soiling your clothes or of encountering the slightest disagreeable odor. On arriving at the foot of the stairs a fine display of fruits and vegetables was the first thing to greet our eyes. These products were from Giverny, and were grown in gardens that are watered by the sewer. We got into a wagon, in which were seats for twenty persons. Off we went, shored along by solid-looking fellows, all neatly dressed. Above us was a mass of tubes and pipes. They are the water pipes, the two largest containing our drinking water from the Yonne and the water of the Ourcq, which is used for washing the streets and sidewalks. Then there are the pneumatic tubes, in which we can hear the rattle of the simplest bones as they shoot along.

"Suddenly we heard the passengers in the wagon ahead of us uttering cries of admiration. We were under the Rue du Louvre, the Rue de Richelieu and the Place des Pyramides, where precisely under the statue of Joan of Arc appear in luminous glass the arms of the city of Paris. We passed along, still following the Rue de l'Orfèvre, where each house has its number in the sewer, just as in the street, until we reached the Place de la Concorde. There the

A MIDNIGHT LECTURE.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE TELLS AN ENTERTAINING STORY.

A Train "Misses Connection"—Fast Ride on an "Extra"—Another Delay—A Patient Audience in Waiting—On the Home Stretch.

At 8 o'clock precisely, on consecutive nights, we stopped on the rostrum at Chicago, Zanesville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Jacksonville, Cleveland and Buffalo. But it seemed that Dayton was to be a failure. We telegraphed from Indianapolis, "Missed connection. Cannot possibly meet engagement at Dayton." Telegram came back, saying "Take a locomotive and come up." We could not get a locomotive. Another telegram arrived. "The superintendent of railroad will send you in an extra train. Go immediately to the depot!" We gathered up our traps from the hotel floor and sofa, and hurried them at the saddle. They would not go in. We put a collar in our hat and the shaving apparatus in our coat pocket; got on the saddle with both feet, and declared the thing should go right if it split everything between Indianapolis and Dayton. Arriving at the depot, the train was ready. We had a locomotive and one car. There were six of us on the train—namely, the engine and stoker on the locomotive; while following were the conductor, a brakeman at each end of the car, and the writer.

"When shall we get to Dayton?" we asked.

"Half-past nine o'clock," responded the conductor.

"Amen!" we said; "no audience will wait till 9:30 at night for a lecture."

AT BREAK NECK SPEED.

Away we flew. The car, having such a light load, frisked and kicked, and made merry of a journey that to us was becoming very grave. Going round a sharp curve at break neck speed, we felt inclined to suggest to the conductor that it would make no difference if we did not get to Dayton till 9:45. The night was cold, and the hard ground thundered and cracked. The bridges, instead of roaring, as is their wont, had no time to give any more than a grunt as we struck them and passed on. At times it was so rough we were in doubt as to whether we were on the track or taking a short cut across the fields to get to our destination a little sooner. The flagmen would hastily open their windows and look at the screeching train. The whistle blew wildly, not so much to give the village warning as to let them know that something terrible had gone through. Stopped to take in wood and water. A crusty old man crawled out of a depot, and said to the engineer, "Jim, what on earth is the matter?" "Don't know," said Jim; "that fellow in the car yonder is bound to get to Dayton, and we are putting things through."

Brakes lifted, bell rung, and off again. Amid the rush and pitch of the train there was no chance to prepare our toilet, and no looking glass, and it was quite certain that we would have to step from the train immediately into the lecture hall. We were unfit to be seen. We were sure our hair was parted in five or six different places, and that the ciuders had put our faces in deep mourning, and that something must be done. What time we could spare from holding on to the bouncing seat we gave to our toilet, and the arrangements we made, though far from satisfactory, satisfied our conscience that we had done what we could. A button broke, as we were fastening our collar—indeed, a button always does break when you are in a hurry and nobody to sew it on.

A MIRACULATION.

"How long before we get there?" we anxiously asked.

"I have mis-calculated," said the conductor; "we cannot get there till 9:30 o'clock."

"My dear man," we cried, "you might as well turn round and go back; the audience will be gone long before 10 o'clock."

"No!" said the conductor; "at the last depot I got a telegram saying they were waiting patiently, and telling us to hurry on."

The locomotive seemed to feel it was on the home stretch. At times, with the whirling smoke, and the showering sparks, and the din, and rush, and bang, it seemed as if we were on our last ride, and that the brakes would not hold till we stopped forever.

At 9:35 o'clock we rolled into the Dayton depot, and before the train came to a halt we were in a carriage with the lecturing committee, going at the horse's full run toward the opera house. Without an instant in which to slacken our pulses, the chairman rushed in upon the stage, and introduced the lecturer of the evening. After in the quickest way shedding overcoat and shawl, we confronted the immense audience, and with our head yet swimming from the motion of the rail train, we accosted the people—many of whom had been waiting since 7 o'clock—with the words:

"Long suffering but patient ladies and gentlemen, you are the best natural audience I ever saw." When we concluded what we had to say it was about midnight, and hence the title of this little sketch.—T. De Witt Talmage in Brooklyn Magazine.

Stitches in an overcoat.

A Vienna tailor, waggered recently that it took more than 40,000 stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered, and a committee of experts—superintendents of the work, as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,031; sewing collar on, 178; buttonholes, 2,520; sleeves, with lining, 980; pockets, 324; silk lining of body, with wadded interior, 17,682; lining, 2,720. Total, 36,019 stitches.—Reichenberger Zeitung.

Mrs. Cleveland's Handshaking.

Mrs. Cleveland says she never feels tired from shaking hands, either at the time or afterward, however great the number she thus greets consecutively. When some one said to her at one of her noon receptions last week, "You have now equaled the great handshaking feats of your husband, as the papers say you shook hands with 25 in an hour lately," she laughed merrily and answered: "Oh, of course, I could not afford to let him get ahead of me."—Chicago Times.

COST NOTHING.

Story of a Man Who Ate Himself Sick Because Another Paid for It.

A curious looking old fellow, dressed in gray "homespun," was found lying in an alley. When questioned by some one he turned over with a groan and said: "Go on away from here, now, and let me die."

"Why do you want to die?"

"Because I am a blamed fool."

"Come, get up; that's no excuse."

"Yes, it is. Go on away, I tell you, and let me die."

"Haven't you been drinking?"

"No, I hadn't touched a drop. Go on away and let me die, I tell you. A man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fit to live. It's dangerous for him to talk about."

"Come, tell me what you did."

With an effort and another groan he raised up, leaned back against the wall and said:

"If I tell you will you go on away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll go yo' whither or no. Early this mornin' I come inter town an' met a fel-

lity that I knowed. He asked me to go round and take breakfast with him. I had dun eat breakfast, but as it wasn't no expense to me

I concluded that it wouldn't do to let the vidders go to waste, so I went with him. I

eat a long handed shovel full uv batter

cakes and drunk four cups uv coffee, argyin'

all the time that it wasn't costin' me nothin'.

After I got through I went knockin' round,

an' putty soon met a felter tuck eat disease

with me while he was a candidate last summer.

He said that it was gettin' putty well

along in the day, but that if I'd go 'round

home with him he'd skeer up some breakfast,

I started to say no, but ricollectin' how he ate

at my table, I went with him. On the way

he got a lot uv these here great long sausages.

Well, I stored away about two pounds uv

these sausages, eat about my halfin' of biscuits

an' drank three cups of coffee. By this time I was putty well filled up, but shortly afterwards one uv the boys that lived out my way told me that he had found a zebra

whar they put out a whole lot uv vidders

an' let people eat all they wanted to, so

as it didn't cost nothin', I went round. I sat

in a big dish uv sour potatoes an' raw

cabbage, an' made myself at home. After I

got through with that I went to dinner with a fellow because it didn't cost me anything.

Then I struck out an' eat a few apples that I slipped out uv a

wagon, an' then I eat a pie uv cheese that I

found in a saloon, just because it didn't cost

anything. About this time the Old Boy com-

mented to overtake me, an' I dodged in here

an' dropped out, an' I hope I'll die before I

git outen here, fur, as I said just now, a man

that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't

itten to live. When I think that I have eat

to death just because it didn't cost

anything it makes me so mad I don't know

what to do. Oh, how I do suffer all over!"—

Arkansaw Traveller.

A Smoking Car Incident.

A little man with gray eyes rushed into the smoking room of a Pullman car of the Chicago and Atlantic road the other day and, taking a safety match from the safe on the wall, began scratching the percussion end on the woodwork. Two bald headed men who were sitting in the compartment smiled serenely as they watched the little fellow's vain efforts to strike a light.

"You can't light one of those matches unless you strike the emery paper on the side of the safe," said one of the spectators, becoming annoyed at the rasping noise.

The "greeny" smiled complacently and said he guessed he could. Another match was rubbed along the panels of the room, then across the sole of a big right foot, and finally broken in a diagonal sweep over a pantalon leg.

"You can't do it, I tell you," repeated the same spectator, shifting his position.

"Betcher \$5 I can," replied the little man.

"But you will light it in your cigar."

"No, sir. Do you want to cover that bet?"

"Certainly."

"And does your friend want another \$5 of it?"

"Of course," said the other spectator, speaking for himself.

Four \$5 bills were piled upon one another in quick order, and then the little man took a match from the safe, walked up to the door and rubbed the percussion head along the ground, flinty glass. The little stick burst into flame and burned rapidly as the little man picked up the four bills and walked out upon the platform to enjoy the crisp air. After he had gone the bald headed men spoke to one another in a strange tongue.—Chicago Herald.

Taking Up the Thread.

A story is told of a man of a very silent disposition who, driving in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs.

The man replied, "Yes, sir."

Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when, driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir."

This, however, as an instance of long intermission of discourse, sinks into insignificance beside an anecdote of a minister of Campsie, near Glasgow. It is related that the worthy pastor, Mr. Archibald Denniston, was deprived of his ministerial office in 1825, and not replaced till after the restoration. He had, before leaving his charge, begun a discourse, and finished the first head. At his return in 1861 he took up a second division of his interrupted sermon, calmly introducing it with the remark that "the times were altered, but the doctrine of the gospel were always the same."—Chicago Herald.

He Would Attend at the Right Place. Gentleman—I am sorry, Uncle Rastus, that I can't do anything for you this morning, but charity, you know, begins at home.

Uncle Rastus—All right, Master Smif—all right, sir. I'll call round at yo' house bout seven this evening.—Harvey's Bazaar.

Deceived by Appearance.

"Why, Jones," exclaimed Smith, when the pair were out driving the other day, "there goes an Edinburgh fish wife! The very creature. I suppose she's an emigrant. By Jove, I would like to hear her calling out 'fresh haddie! fresh haddie!' or 'safer herring!' It would bring back the good old days when you and I were doing Scotland together."

"I guess you don't know much, Smith," replied Jones. "Fish wife? Why, that's a Beacon Hill belle with her toboggan out on it!"—Boston Courier.

News Items from the Holy Land.

The introduction of soap, it is said, is doing much to civilize the people of the Holy Land. A large soap factory has been established on the site of ancient Shechem, and the people are beginning to use it on their persons instead of trying to eat it, as they did at first. Along with the introduction of soap other reforms are going on. Bethlehem has been rebuilt, and the streets are lighted with gas. Jerusalem is having a building boom. Nazareth is becoming the headquarters of big olive oil speculators. Corner lots in Joppa are going up with a rush, and real estate in Mount Carmel is largely held by speculators for an advance. All around Shechem there is a lively demand for good soap fat, and the sleepy inhabitants of Ramoth Gilead think of building a glue factory. Jerusalem is waking up also. It has a street cleaning bureau, big clocks on its public buildings, and its suburbs are being built up rapidly. Even in the vale of Gehenna the price of land has gone up.—Chicago Herald.

Charles Francis Adams.

The late Mr. Charles Francis Adams was certainly one of the most successful and the most respected of the representatives that America has ever sent to St. James', and he won his success and the respect of the English people at a time of peculiar difficulty. Perhaps the most famous episode in Mr. Adams' career was the occasion when he wrote to Lord Russell to protest against the departure from an English port of iron rams built in the Confederate interest. He wrote and wrote again warning Lord Russell of the imminent departure of the rams. At last when they were about to sail he wrote once more, pointing out the fact, and adding: "It would be superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that this is war." The rams did not sail, and the frizz whip between England and America was strengthened by the incident.—Whitehall Review.

Test of a Diamond.

"What is a good test of a diamond?" asks a correspondent. "About as good a test as any is to ask the jeweler you buy it of what he will take it back for. If he will offer half as much as it costs it is apt to be a genuine stone."—New York Graphic.

Dr. Clark's Saraparilla with Potash and Hellebore. Saraparilla with Potash and Hellebore has yet to meet a case of Scrofula, Siphilis or any other blood or skin disease it cannot cure. 2.

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OUR SEALS AND COINS.

A PROTEST AGAINST NATIONAL OUT-RAGES UPON HERALDIC ART.

The Objections of a Venerable Designer. His Reasons Why—The Bald-Headed Eagle in His Absurd Poses—An Appropriate Device.

"J. Goldsborough Bruff," as he signs himself, has invited the attention of congress to the "unprecedented irregularities" and "aberrations" of the heraldic devices adopted for seals and coins by this government.

Mr. Bruff explains that owing to a lack of knowledge this government made a false start. The art of heraldry was unknown in this country's infancy, he says, and standard works were unavailable. "In consequence thereof the new republic was unable to obtain a proper device for its national seal until July 20, 1782, and the device then adopted of admirable symbolism, is a basius tate, not being blazoned upon an escutcheon or shield, and hence we have never had a national escutcheon of heraldic arms, unrepresented in the annals of heraldry. Being thus deprived of that basis, the requisite of all heraldic achievements, the government utilized a subcharge of the arms proper, and as popularly denominated the national shield or escutcheon, which is not nor ever can be."

Having no genuine escutcheon, no basis or standard to start with, this government has gradually collected an accumulation of designs which Mr. Bruff characterizes as "ranging from indifferent and peculiar to absurd." He goes on to say:

"All nations of the civilized world save our own have stamped upon their gold and silver coinage the true heraldic arms of their individual sovereignty, and with strict numismatic propriety exclude irrelevant, fanciful designs. The American bald eagle is displayed in every conceivable attitude and position, and degenerated to numerous species of the United States mint genius.

FREE AND EASY ART.

The peculiar style of distributing the elements of the national arms over the faces of the coin, including mottoes and legends unmeaningful of significant propriety, is a remarkable art exhibition of the genius of our free institutions. Compare the dignified propriety represented in the devices upon some of the earlier coinage. Observe, a classic bust with legend "Liberty," and reverse, the national arms as adopted, which compare with the handsome female head filled "Liberty," though crowned with the grain, etc., as if also to represent the goddess Ceres or Abundance, doubtless a multi-fold genius, as the motto overhead would intimate, "E pluribus unum." Upon close examination a small cap is seen amid the resounding ringlets, apparently falling off. Reverse, a crucified eagle (severely) "die played," minus the escutcheon on his breast, or the eagle volant (without its appropriate motto, "Excellere"). As though disgusted with his vicissitude and general bad treatment by the ruling powers he has discarded his shield of the Union, olive branch and three arrows (typical we suppose of thirteen) and ascends to the starry regions of purity and truth. (The square, heavy perspective is good, but why extend his legs, as storks and herons do?)

THE MAD EAGLE.

In another issue an enraged eagle has discovered the discarded "American shield" prostrate in the weeds, and having picked up the arrows and branch pounces upon the debased escutcheon, defiantly warning off the despoilers. Motions become legends, and legends motions. The Goddess of Liberty, duly labeled, rests herself upon a rock, with staff and cap and escutcheon, but looks back apprehensive of some mishap. This is another phase of the ever varying obverse. Reverse of which may be one variety (there are several of them) of the lame eagle: dexter wing horizontally extended, and sinister, or left, nearly closed and vertical, and the usual distribution of stars, motto, etc. The latest absurdity, so eminently paroxysmal, not in keeping with the times, unauthorized by enactment, is the Gothic legend between the wings of the crucified eagle of "In God we trust."

"Our patriotic fathers put their trust in God and kept their powers dry. Oliver Cromwell had engraved upon some brass guns "Teach us to shower forth thy praise, O, Lord." Ten lengthy for our own, but so applied more beneficial in diffusion of wealth. The most appropriately consistent device for establishment of the era of our country would be—obverse: A bust of the laurented head of the Father of His Country, with motto of Liberty. Reverse: The peerless heraldic arms of the United States of America, and no other stellar ornament than the constellation crest, and no other legend than the title, value and date, and motto of arms. Such would be creditable to our nationality, and place us among the most favored nations of Christendom."—Globe Democrat.

A Famous Lithographer's Beginning.

I quite often encounter in the street the father of the American Christ was card. Mr. Louis Prang divides his time pretty equally between Boston and New York. He is a bold and energetic elderly gentleman, whose busy brain is constantly conceiving new ideas full of credit and profit to their originator. In 1860 he was a small lithographer in Boston. He had an establishment that did not earn a living for him. He had no capital but his intelligence, and that made his fortune.

When the war broke out he published a map of the opening of the campaign, and it sold as fast as he could print it. He made a great deal of money on war maps, and got into amateur lithography as his means improved. When still times came instead of discharging his artists and printers he sent them to work on novelties for which he made a market. The first chromes of any value published in America came from his press. They reproduced pictures by famous artists. He copied thousands of these pictures, and though he only had his tools he gained more proportionately great. He grew with the times. The increased lithography in every direction, and so it is today the master of that art of the whole world.—Alfred Trelawny in New York.

A Congressman's Last Words.

The last words of the late Mr. Representative William Gannett of Massachusetts were, "I am not a popular but honest man, but God is not the least good." The man is dead now all is well.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

RECENT REVIVAL OF MINIATURE PORTRAITURE AMONG AMATEURS.

Soup Plates that Bear the Impress of Beauty and Dishes Decorated With the Heads of the Pretty Girls of the Family.

The young New York woman has found a new amusement. She paints on china—not the sort of painting on china that was the rage during the first years of the great American renaissance of art succeeding the centennial; she no longer decorates her mamma's soup plates with a cluster of cut tails that resembles nothing on earth so much as a bunch of sausages hung up on a green string. She paints her mamma's portrait on the plate, so that when papa eats his dinner he finds a slice of rare beef reclining on his brother half's plump cheek and her well preserved locks plentifully dressed with green peas, while her right eye regards him tenderly through a film of gravy.

This is one of the phases of an endeavor to return to the lost art of miniature painting which fell into innocuous desuetude when the reign of the daguerreotype began—that charming method of reaching immortality still to be found in country parlors. Little brown leather cases fastened with two little books, in which papa and mamma sit hand in hand with a smile of vacuous amiability, waiting to be "took" and ambitious to hand down his big collar and her crinoline to an affectionate posterity who have to figure around with the light to catch a glimpse of them at all.

LATELY INTRODUCED.

Whenever Americans go to Sevres or Dresden they order portraits of themselves or their friends painted on porcelain. It is this art of porcelain miniature that has lately been introduced here by Miss Smith, who is a graduate of the Cincinnati School of Porcelain Painting, and has studied in both Sevres and Dresden. Classes of young women study under her and are learning to produce the sort of porcelain portrait for which it was formerly necessary to go abroad. There are in many respects very satisfactory. They lack some of the exquisite softness and purity of tone given by the old ivory grounds, but they have the advantage of being practically indestructible. The life of any painting on canvas is easily calculable, but a portrait on china is very nearly immortal, time and exposure to light have no effect upon it, and after 1,000 years it would be as fresh and pure in tint as the day it came from the kiln.

These porcelain miniatures can be made of any size, from a head a fifth of life size on a plate or plaque to tiny productions on bits of china not larger than a silver quarter of a dollar. It is said that one lovely young female here, whose head has been photographed from every point of the compass and in every pose, made a well known bachelor a handsome dressing gown, whose every button was painted with one of the many portraits of herself, and she painted them with her own clever fingers, making very excellent likenesses of herself on every button.

There are two methods of painting these miniatures. The French, which is almost entirely stippled, much of it requiring to be done under a magnifying glass. This is necessitated by the weakness of the French colors, which stand but two firings. The other, the German method, as used in the Dresden factories, is much less difficult and the pictures are done by a series of washes, the German colors standing any number of returns to the kiln. This latter method Miss Smith finds the favorite one with her pupils, as the results are so much more rapid and the work less fatiguing. For her own portraits she used a combination of both manners and finds the fusion of the two very successful.

SOME CHARMING PORTRAITS.

Numbers of fashionable women have taken up this new fancy, and as a result, have made some charming portraits of their own babies, which are set as brooches or in bracelets, children's heads, with their soft curves and delicate tints, bending themselves effectively to this work. One mother, whose quiver is full, has a bracelet in which the tiny heads of her five babies are set, and it makes a charming adornment for her plump white wrist.

These miniatures are not always so small, however. The favorite size is a small square plate of porcelain about the size of an ordinary photograph, and framed in plush they are a very desirable form of preserving the features of one's self and friends. The Americans had at one time a great reputation, immediately before and after the Revolutionary war, as miniature painters, and the only record of the loveliness of the colonial belles is frequently found in one of these exquisite little ivory portraits. Copley and Sharpless, both did excellent work in that line, and later Shumway was well known for his exquisite work in ivory. He was a great favorite in the south before the war and used to travel there every winter, getting commissions. Even yet there could be found in many southern homes specimens of his fine work and irreducible testimony to the beauties of the women of a past generation.

One curious phase this revival has taken is the fancy for immortalizing some one feature. Women will have the miniature painted on porcelain of a very lovely hand, or a round, white shoulder, a perfect arm, a rosy, smiling, low mouth, and blue, lily-like, the widow of the dead president of Guatemala, for had her supercilious eyes painted, the rest of the face entirely covered in black lacquer. A society woman has had her left elbow elegantly decorated, with its dress and blouse, which has gained so much wildness of her husband in the house, or less fortunate men in New York.

TALK OF THE DAY.

High and dry—the wormat with an infinity flask.

No matter what the water mill may do the local organ man will continue to grind the music that is past.

They say a piece of rags on the coals will clean a stove pipe. This is probably cleaner than leaving it blocked while you wait.

One of the hardest things in life for a man is to believe that a man older than himself understands anything, but he gets there some day.

RAVAGES OF LEPROSY IN HAWAII.

Dr. Frederick T. Miner, a prominent physician of Honolulu, Hawaii, is spending a few days in New York, winding up the first visit he has made to his native country in twenty years.

"Hawaii is one of the most beautiful and delightful spots in the world," said the doctor the other day to a party of friends who had given him a dinner, "and it is only a question of time when it will become a very rich and profitable dependent of some country. The native dynasty cannot last much longer. At present it is little more than a name. The king is now but a figurehead, and the foreign influences struggle for the control of things. The native population of Hawaii is rapidly passing away. In a very few years, comparatively, it will be practically extinct. What carries off the people? Leprosy, for the most part, and then some such mysterious incompatibility of races as made the North American Indians melt away before the Europeans. The Islanders were a fine race originally, but the vices they have learned from the white men have worked their ruin.

"The ravages of leprosy in Hawaii have not been overdrawn. I don't know how they could be even adequately described to one who had never witnessed them. The terrible disease seems to be a poison in the blood that will eventually run through and wipe out the entire native race. The government does what it can in its feeble way to keep the disease from spreading. All antiseptics cases are isolated on an island in the harbor. Physicians hired at the public cost watch for the disease and study its symptoms. But it still increases steadily among the natives. The foreigners catch it sometimes. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose, as most people do, that the disease is contagious. It can be communicated from one person to another only by contact and an actual transmission of virus, as by a wound or a sore. I have treated thousands of lepers, been with them when they died, visited the leper hospital on the island and ate the food prepared for leper patients by leper hands. I have handled living and dead lepers with impunity, and so have hundreds of other Caucasians. On the other hand, hundreds of white men have been infected by the disease in the way that I have named and have died the most horrible and loathsome of death."—New York Mail and Express.

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The DOMESTIC should be in every home. It makes the tired mother and over worked housewife more cheerful, it brings back the smiles and banishes the blues caused by using the old common machines.

Don't let another day pass without securing one on easy terms from

S. A. RAMSAY, Calgary.

S. A.—Oil and needles of all kinds kept in stock. Repairing promptly attended to. Dealows, Organs, Buckboards, Buggies, Wagons, Reapers, Plows of all kinds, Force and Lift Pumps etc.

Moran, Collins & Co., Miles City, Montana.

The largest and finest line of

Stock Saddles

in the Northwest.

Special Prices

For five or more

outfits bought at

one time.

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in endless variety



Chaps, Spurs, Ropes, Bridles, Bits, etc.

OUR WILD WEST

Groceries, Dry Goods

AND RANCH SUPPLIES.

At Calgary Prices.

HIGH RIVER N.W.T.

Lucas & Ewer, Publishers.

The best advertising medium in the Northwest Territories.

CALGARY DAILY AND WEEKLY HERALD

INDIAN TELEGRAPHY.

By Robt. R. Rector.

(Written for the *Evening Star*.)

It is a matter of surprise to those who know little or nothing of the war customs of the Indians, that, despite the intelligence and activity of the white men, the native tribes are kept well-informed of all those hostile to their interests. During the troubles in Colorado, when the American soldiers and the Indians, they were thoroughly conversant with the plans of the military, and wherever danger presented itself they were able to keep several miles in advance of their foes. Such apparent activity and keen sightedness was due to the telegraphic communication kept up between the tribes. The small looking-glass invariably carried by the Indian in his native state, is held towards the sun, and the reflection of the sun's rays is directed toward the persons intended to receive the communication. By this means a message can be sent from bluff to bluff and the sentinels placed there can converse with each other. I have been aroused from my writing desk by the flash from a looking-glass carried by an Indian two miles distant. One day in camp, an Indian's presence was desired, but he was fully two miles away, riding on his horse. A man standing near, took out his glass and with a single movement of his hand the rider suddenly turned on his horse and after a moment's thought rode towards us. By means of fires lighted in prominent places, the light and also the smoke were used as means of signals which could be seen at long distances. Lighted arrows were projected into the air for the purpose of imparting information. When the red men came in contact with the white traders, they obtained from them telescopes and field glasses of various kinds, which became very serviceable to them in hunting for lost horses, and discovering the near approach of intruders. These were called in to aid in signalling. When scouts were sent out to reconnoitre, their return was eagerly watched for by those in camp. Selecting a ridge from which they could be easily seen by the various war-chiefs, they conveyed information by means of their blankets, or their peculiar movements in riding, and these could be understood perfectly, as they were accurately observed through the field glasses owned by the chiefs and warriors. Due credit must therefore be given to the Indians for the intelligence, experience and sagacity displayed in all that belongs peculiarly to their native civilization. Ignorance of native customs and language, inability through lack of training to distinguish between what is exclusively Indian and that which has been introduced into their civilization by contact with talents and learning of a different kind from theirs, and prejudices arising from the fact that we belong to another race and have compelled ourselves to believe that the Indian stands in our way in securing our personal territorial success, are some of the reasons for our not appreciating the native talents shown by the Indians of the plains. Justice demands an intelligent and impartial study of the Indians and the Indian question.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. THOMAS IRVINE's gymnasium was crowded on Saturday night and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The programme, a varied one, was carried out to everyone's satisfaction. Skating and athletic exercises were indulged in till half past nine o'clock, when the bell was rung and the course cleared for the mile heats. There were four entries for this event; the competitors were ranged in line and started at the ring of the bell; the notorious B'n' Gouin took the lead from the first and great was the applause that greeted him for the plucky manner in which he held it to the end in spite of the long shanks of his opponents. The second heat was captured by the same young gentleman and all agreed that he had fairly earned the handsome nickel-plated seals which Mr. Irvine had offered for competition. The skates were now put away for the night and while the men of muscle were donning the customary costume of the ring, the band entertained the audience with several well-chosen selections. After a short interval Fitzgerald and White emerged from the dressing room and took places in their respective corners. The first round was slow the men appearing to be playing each other for jugs; in the second round they began to close quarters, some quick exchanges were made with good effect on both sides. White showed to his best advantage in the third round and did some good work; in the following rounds Fitzgerald seemed to have a slight advantage, being quicker on his feet and longer in the arms than his more stolid opponent. White showed more command of his temper during this bout than he ever displayed before and that in itself is a great step in the right direction. Fitzgerald on the other hand took as if he never had any temper at all, and smiles as blandly as the proverbial candidate, when you bang him in the eye, he also has a better appearance in the ring than most amateurs. Although both men need training badly, they gave a very interesting exhibition and fully satisfied the expectations of the audience. The entertainment wound up with four rounds between Messrs. Holt and Ross; Ross is heavier by forty pounds than his opponent and is magnificently muscled. Holt is light, weighing one hundred and about one hundred and thirty or thirty-five. Both men are well scented and made as pretty an exhibition of boxing as a man could wish to see; at the end of the fourth round the men exchanged a hearty hand shake in token of the admiration of each, for the able manner in which the other handled himself, and retired amid the applause of the whole assembly, the audience then dispersed well satisfied with the evening's programme.



Oh, dear mamma, I've so cold!
Git along, yo' fool nigger yo'! Why'n't yo' go put on dat pair o' gloves yo' got on de Christmas tree at de Sunday school!—Illustrated Graphic News.

The Reason Was Good.

A bright youngster of this city wrote his first letter to an aunt in a neighboring town the other day, and the recipient, instead of replying directly to the writer, sent word to his mother that it was a very creditable initial attempt indeed. The compliment was repeated to him, and he said: "Well, if she thought so much of it why didn't she answer it?" The same epitome of man remarked recently: "If you should die, mamma, I would get a very young mother to take your place." "Why?" was the natural query. "Because," was the answer, "she would last much longer."—Boston Gazette.

Unkind of Her Father.

Edith—Mercy me, Nellie; what has happened?

Nellie—My heart is broken, Edith. I shall never be again, never again find music in the songs of birds, or—

Edith—Oh, it can't be. Has your engagement with the count been broken?

Nellie—Yes.

Edith—Oh, what have you done to him?

Nellie—Papa went and told him he had lost every cent of his money.—Omaha World.

Not Favorable to Strikes.

"I told you this morning that I would whip you if you were not a good boy to-day, did I not, Johnnie?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have been a good boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it because you wished to please me?"

"No, sir."

"What then, Johnnie?"

"Because I don't believe in encouraging strikes."—Detroit Mercury.

The Danger Was Past.

Conductor—Do you expect us to take that boy through on a half ticket?

Matron—Certainly. The agent who sold the ticket saw the boy.

Conductor—Didn't he ask his age?

Matron—No, he didn't seem to think it necessary. Have you a pair of scissors on the train?

Conductor—Scissors!

Matron—Yes, I want to let the boy out of his trousers.—Omaha World.

Natural History in the Nursery.

Uncle Jack returns from a long walk and brings something thirsty drinks from a bottle on the table. Enter the little niece Allie, who instantly sets up a yell of despair.

Uncle Jack—What's the matter, Allie?

Allie (weeping)—You've drunk up my aquavit and swallowed my fancy pollywogs! Bowls with anguish.—Harvard Lampoon.

Didn't Know What He Missed.

Mrs. Goode—I am so sorry you are late. You have missed that beautiful aria in the first act and the lovely andante movement in the second.

Mr. V.—Oh, I don't care so much for the arena, don't you know, as I don't go in for scenery. But it cuts me up awfully when you tell me I am late for the ballet.—Life.

The Reason He Wanted a Place.

An influential voter in the province proposed to "work" his representative in the chamber of deputies for "all he is worth." "My dear deputy, could you manage to get my son a place in the Paris exhibition?" "What can he do?" "Do" Why, if he knew how to do anything I shouldn't be troubling you."—French Joke.

Where is the Difference?

Uncle Sam—Let a new idea, have you?"

Naval Constructor—Yes, sir. I can make you a war vessel now that will meet every requirement. It's modeled after a duck.

Uncle Sam—Can it fly?

Naval Constructor—Well, no; but it will sail like a duck.

Uncle Sam—Suppose a Canadian cruiser sees it and shoots?

Naval Constructor—It will dive, just like a duck.

Uncle Sam—Dive out of sight?

Naval Constructor—Clear to the bottom.

Uncle Sam—Well, I dunno. Sounds mighty like those we have now.—Omaha World.

Short Stories.

Epitaph on an Editor—Here lies one who never lied before.—Washington Critic.

"Yeth, ah, yeth," he said; "yeth, we're going to stick bears—imported bears, you know—at Tuxedo; rare sport, by Jove!" "No doubt," she said, playing with her fan, "but are you not afraid, Mr. Addigate, that you will be injured?"—Morning Journal.

When the Pilgrim fathers hear that Plymouth has had a dance in honor of their landing, they will be sorry they landed.—Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Ram came over from Calais to Dover the other day. She said that it wasn't so much the sea as the oscillation of the boat that upset her.—Punch.

A fashion item says that "new pocket books are long and slender." They generally are slender immediately after the holidays. We prefer the long and plethoric style.—Norristown Herald.

"I am afraid it's not genuine," said a lady to a shopman. "Oh, yes, it is, madame," replied the polite gentleman. "All our camel's hair shawls are made of pure silk, direct from the womb."—Exchange.

You believe that chestnuts keep off rheumatism, Binks?" "Yes," replied Binks; "I always carry a comic paper in my pocket."—Boston Bulletin.

The Rigors of January.



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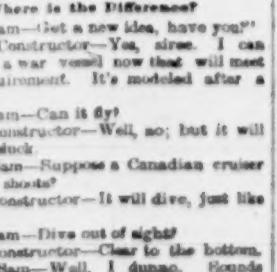
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See you soon!

Goodbye!

See you soon!</p

FRIDAY MAY 6, 1887.

MORRIBLE FATE OF A DUDELET.

(RESPECTFULLY dedicated to the committed on fire, water, and light, hoping that this frightful example will make them get up and bump, to get the tanks caulked.)

A homely dunder-mite song.
Upon the C. P. R.
He got a pair of shoes on,
For he'd just left his ma.
Poor boy!
He hadn't got a pa.

There was a cinder in his eye,
A tear was on his cheek;
His mouth was full of apple pie,
His maid ate up that week.
Poor boy!
He emitted a mournful squeak.

He rose from off the cushioned seat,
As the cars arrived to town;
And wandered homely down the street,
Now saw dark fagots from.
Poor boy!
You bet Jack sized him down.

Next day his agony had rise
To such a fearful height,
He thought that he would end the bit,
And ainted that night.
Poor boy!
His boots were very tight.

He gave his upper lip a pull,
Where his mouthache should be;
Then turned him where the moon shone full,
And you see now see he—
Poor boy!

Two a cloudy night, you see.

He lied him down into a tank;
That had him laid that day;
He gave the Rd on top a yank,
That pulled it quite away.

Poor boy!

And on the brink he lay.

He awoke to the fearful noise,

Ah, breaking the air, singing Oh!

Then greatly mourned, moaned!

Gave a yank, this made him go,

Poor boy!

Into the space below,

Oh! Calgary committee men,

But little do ya rock.

That where that poor lad thought he'd drown,

He only broke his neck—

Poor boy.

Hal Shelton— — — — — (The writer's feelings have evidently overcome him at this juncture, either from grief at the fate of the poor lad, or from indignation at the thought that it is now the 6th of May, and the tanks have not yet been caulked so as to hold water. The rest of the MSS is almost illegible, the only distinguishable words being "Oakum this is kind of tanky." ED.)

train a fine pair of mares, brown and chestnut in color, and about 15 and one half hands high. They brought two grade cows, as well.

Mr. Des Brisay, Government Engineer, has received instructions from the Public Works Department, Ottawa, to locate the exact position of the Bow bridge at nose. The bridge will cross the Bow in line with Bowdene street. Mr. Kennedy the contractor is expected by tonight's train.

Mr. Robert Fyfe, who left the other day to drive Mr. Wm. Cochrane and his bride home, returned to town yesterday. He reports for new grass very long down High River and Mosquito country. He also says that the new residence for Mr. Cochrane, on Mosquito Creek, about five miles from the crossing, is very fine.

Among the stock brought in last night, were about seventy good looking heifers, a great many of them with calves; also four Hereford bulls, one, two and three years old. With the above arrived a fine matched team of driving mares, in color a bright bay, four years old, and about 15 hands high; a six year old gray gelding, standing about 15-2; and a young Clydesdale just rising two years, 15 hands in height. This lot are part for Mr. Lawrence and the rest for Mr. Jackson, well known in Calgary.

A destructive fire took place at Mr. Newbold's on the Bow river, last Wednesday. It was caused by some hot cinders which had been carelessly thrown behind the house, the wind caught these and the fire was carried some sixty feet, onto a hay stack, adjoining the corral and stables; in a moment all was ablaze. Mr. Brealy, who was there at the time, was the first to notice it, and immediately gave the alarm; all hands turned out at once, but their combined efforts failed to arrest it before the corrals, stables and implement sheds were burned to the ground and the eastern end of the house badly singed. Let this be a warning to others.

A MAN named Milligan entered the Grand Central hotel last night in an intoxicated condition and commenced using blasphemous language and making himself a general nuisance; Constable Barker was notified and proceeded to arrest him, whereupon Milligan turned on him and in the scrimmage that ensued, kicked him on the leg, inflicting an ugly bruise. More help was called in and Milligan was, in a short time, safely landed in the jigger. This morning His Worship the Mayor sentenced him to one month in the barracks with hard labor. Mr. John Smith was also relieved of \$5 and costs for being drunk and disorderly.

BRONCO PARSONS.

Mr. Parsons collared a HERALD reporter today, and the following took place:

Mister, do you write for the paper?
Yes sir.
Say! will it go all round?

You.

Tell the boys somethin' from old Parsons?

Yes, what is it?
Say! I'm awful sore.
Is that so, what's the matter?

Not so fast pardner, say! will it go all round?

Sure to.

Well, say!! I rid two bushels of buckwheat for Jack McInnes with two white hind legs and a wall eye on Pine Creek; say!!'s' he didn't give me up nor nothing, 'well I should smile; so jumped in to out, say!! Just here that into yester turned old paper, and tell 'em Parsons stayed with him. Strong pard.

But, Mr. Parsons, gasped the scribe, I don't understand.

Yer darned iss, he replied, didn't I tell yer plain enough that I rode Jack McInnes' mucker for two bushels of wheat: Say!! Et you out, let the boys know it I'll t' hem taughed.

From Saturday's Daily.

Mason Walker has received an order from Mr. Anderson for the timber required to build his ferry. It will be running in about three weeks.

The first train from the west since Wednesday passed through here at noon today; the cause of the delay was a land slide at Rogers' Pass.

INFORMATION was laid before Captain Astrobous against Robert Ogburn for selling liquor, the informant being a man named Davis, a notorious character. Ogburn was discharged and intends taking an action for perjury.

There will be a big time at G. Irvine's gymnasium tonight; a great many knights of the ring not at present known in Calgary will give exhibitions in the many arts. Mr. Irvine wishes it understood that the sparring will not commence till after the rink has been closed for skaters, so that ladies need have no qualm in enjoying the healthful exercise as usual.

Messrs. W. H. Hull, Spring Creek, E. W. Murphy, Mosquito Creek; Geo. H. P. Austin, Pincher Creek, N. Loring, Porcupine Hills, T. C. Langford, High River, T. S. C. Lee, Bow River, J. W. Travers, Mosquito Creek, John Clark, Crowfoot Creek, C. L. Hanson, Brandon, D. McNeil, Winnipeg; G. Mason, Langdon, Mary Oliver, John S. Turner, Coling Rose, High River, are registered in town.

Mr. Bill Ford, who went south to bring in a band of horses, writes to say that he has abandoned the idea, the horses in Montana being no cheaper this year than those he brought from Calgary.

Messrs. G. Stoddard, P. Moody, A. H. Holloman, Kamloops; Alex McDonald, Kamloops; C. H. Friedman, Victoria; Edward G. Jenkins, Francis W. Jenkins, Beaver Dam; H. Dixon, Woodward, are registered in town.

Two Woodstock gentlemen arrived yesterday evening with a car loaded full of settlers' effects; they had also on the same

warriors are absent from the reservation and are doubtless wandering south of the boundary line. Horsemen should keep a sharp lookout for their stock this season. Chetone Calumet.

Matt Doug and Doc Fields, two old timers of the Montana, but now prosperous residents of her majesty's dominions, stopped at Chetone on their way north last week, leaving Sunday morning. We learned from these gentlemen, among other interesting things, the following: D. W. Davis, who was recently elected a member of the Canadian parliament, was received with the greatest enthusiasm at Lethbridge, Macleod and Calgary, on visiting those places after his election. The advancement of Mr. Davis is as remarkable as it is commendable. He came to Montana as a private soldier in the 13th Infantry, was made commissary sergeant at Fort Shaw and discharged from the army in 1869. For three years thereafter he was employed by Healy & Hamilton at their "Whoop Up" trading post, and later by I. G. Baker & Co. at Fort Macleod. In course of time he was admitted to a partnership in the latter firm and became general manager of their several Northwest stores and depots. The honorable position to which Mr. Davis was recently elected by a handsome majority was no small thing and during the canvass he made so little effort in his own behalf that his best friends doubted his ability to make a speech or successfully solicit votes. His personal popularity, however, which is said to be greater than any other resident of the Territory, carried him through, and at the late reception and banquet accorded him at Lethbridge he was astonished over one with one of the most brilliant oratorical efforts that had ever been heard in that town. Mr. Davis married on estimable lady of high social position, who is said to be in every way worthy of her talented husband.—Chetone Calumet.

From Monday's daily.

MASON Hatton of the Live Stock Journal is making a tour of the south country. Some of the Calgary Cartage Co.'s teams are engaged in clearing away the rubbish from back yards. That is a good move.

THE Bow River Brewery has been purchased by Mr. O. H. Allen, of Moosejaw, who will carry on the business in town.

Mr. Tonielli sold 1,440 acres of C. P. R. lands during April at prices ranging from \$4 to \$12 an acre. 7,200 acres were applied for.

THE race between Happy Jack, the Powder River horse, and Black Prince, the latter captured the money. It is the general opinion that Jack was pulled off the track in order to let Irvine's horse win.

THE many friends of Mr. Mignion, Dominion Immigration Agent, will be pleased to learn that he is able to be up and around again. The bullet has not been extracted but it is in such a position that it causes no inconvenience.

Mr. D. B. McLean is at present engaged in finding out a suitable approach from the mission bridge to the prairie level on the south side of the Elbow. From levels already taken he expects to get a grade of about six feet in the hundred. McLean & McDonald the contractors for the bridge, expect to have it finished in about three days after the arrival of the necessary lumber.

THE man was level-headed who wrote this: "In all towns where a newspaper is published, every man should advertise in it, even if it is nothing more than a card stating the business he is engaged in. It not only pays the advertiser but it lets people at a distance know the town you live in is a prosperous community of business men. As the word is now, so the fruits recompense. Never pull down your sign while you expect to do business, for it often indicates that business is poor and you are losing your grip commercially speaking. The judicious advertiser will receive in return \$10 for every \$1 invested in the columns of a live newspaper."

From Wednesday's Daily.

COL. HERCHMER has returned from the east.

TENDERS are called for the bridge over Nose Creek.

Mr. Leon Labonde, of San Francisco, is registered in town.

Mr. T. W. Jackson, of Qu'Appelle, is in town today on a flying visit.

Mr. Robert Whitney, of Fort Macleod, was blown into town yesterday.

J. C. Harper, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, is paying the town a visit.

Mr. James D. Allan, of Toronto, arrived here on last night's train.

THE city justice will ground \$5 and costs out of one poor drunk this morning.

Mr. Ferland leaves for to-night's train from San Francisco and Victoria. He will combine business with pleasure.

Sgt. Flintoff arrived from Red Deer to-day with a Halfbreed prisoner, who is charged with housebreaking.

It is Mr. R. S. Geddes, son of Mr. G. C. Geddes, who has been appointed land guide for the Dominion Lands office.

THE Pilots think they can down the Firemen at baseball and hereby challenge them to put a team in on the 17th Arbor day.

THE wind bloweth where it listeth. Everyone knows it does, but hasn't it been listeth a little previous the last couple of days.

MANITOBA FREE PRESS—Mr. J. W. Morden and wife, of Hamilton, Ont., arrived in the city on Saturday morning.

Mr. Morden has been in ill-health for some time and he is going to test the health-giving properties of Northwest air for six months. They expect, after resting for a few days in Winnipeg, to visit Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, San Francisco and Los Angeles, returning in the latter part of the summer.

MONTANA FREE PRESS—Commissioner Herchmer, of the N. W. M. P., left for the east yesterday morning, but Sgt. White of the force, remained behind to look after any person wishing to recruit. Three have already been accepted, one being an old timer. The officer will remain until tomorrow. The commissioner while not accepted sixteen recruits. Speaking of the trouble two or three days ago with the Bloods, he said the shooting was a common thing, and especially if near the lines. The American Indians are the responsible parties, and have for a long time been industriously reaching for Blood scalps.

From Thursday's daily.

IN the spring the wiser merchant takes account of stock and tries to meet the public wants, and then proceeds to advertise.

Clem Austin struck town this morning.

Mr. Lindsay returned from Banff to-day.

Mr. A. Ferland left for the west on last

night's train.

Mr. Steve Culbert left for Edmonton this morning.

Work on Mr. Rogers' store is at a stand still the supply of lumber having run out.

Mr. Limoges, of Whitewood, is contemplating opening a general store at Cochrane.

Messrs. J. J. Bourgoyne and John A. McDonald, of Lethbridge, are registered here.

The east bound passenger train, which was due here last night, did not arrive till about noon today.

The train from the east last night brought up a number of men to work on the C. P. R. hotel at Banff.

As soon as the new track is finished there will be a race between Pilot and Happy Jack for \$550 a side.

Mr. Boorne is building a handsome residence on his lots, Section 16. Mr. Cellan and Watson are the contractors.

Mr. Henry Bleeker, who has been laid up some time with a bad attack of biliousness, was to-day able to leave his bed for the first time.

Mr. Cosner intends to lay a little drum for his boy this week. He will make his first appearance in public, at the band concert on Tuesday night.

SIXTEEN men of the N. W. M. P. leave for Banff in a few days, and will be stationed there under Inspector Constantine. They will probably be under canvas for the present until the barracks are built.

Major Butler left for Cochrane last night with the intention of having a good week's fishing; as he is a keen sportsman we may expect to hear of some big catches pretty soon. He is accompanied by his son.

The eastbound express was sadly in need of a bath when it arrived this morning.

One side of the coaches was plastered with mud, they having come in contact with a mud slide at Six Mile Creek, in the Selkirk kinks. No damage was done.

FREE PRESS: A meeting of cattlemen and shippers of live stock will be held this week at the Seymour House for the purpose of organizing a live stock dealers' association to arrange for the driving of stock, as those engaged in the cattle trade consider that the rates charged by the railroads are exorbitant.

Rev. D. M. Gordon, the popular pastor of Knox Church, Winnipeg, is in town to-day, accompanied by Mr. G. D. McVicar a well known Nor' west. These gentlemen left Winnipeg, with others, with the intention of going to San Francisco to attend the convention of the Y. M. C. A. but Mr. McVicar was taken suddenly ill and fell unable to proceed beyond here. Mr. Gordon got off with his sick friend, and, though the cause is regrettable, the many friends of Mr. Gordon, in Calgary, are delighted to see him. He is one of the most widely known and universally esteemed men in Canada. If Mr. McVicar recovers in a day or two they will continue the trip to the coast.

Mr. Winters has completed three dwelling houses on section 16. He has allowed a fifty foot frontage and one hundred and thirty feet in depth to each house, thus giving a tenant plenty of room for a small garden and out houses. The buildings themselves are a story and a half high and offer good accommodation for any man with a moderate family.

BORN.

IRVINE.—At Brandon, on Sunday, May 1st, the wife of Geo. W. Irvine, of Calgary, of a daughter.

INDIAN OUTRAGES.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE TROUBLE WITH THE BLOODS.

Col. Herchmer says it was a Party of American Indians.

A Macleod despatch yesterday says—

On Wednesday Sgt. Spicer and Party from Maple Creek were fired upon by a large party of Indians, supposed to be Bloods.

Parties were sent out in pursuit including the whole of "D" division

from Lethbridge. On Thursday it was

reported that the Indians had split up into small parties. Information states that a party of Bloods fired on freighters forty miles southeast of Lethbridge and made for the Blood reserve. Inspector Saunders with ten men started to head them off and arrest them at any risk. Col. Herchmer, who is in the city, says that the shooting occurred near the International boundary and feels satisfied that it was by a party of American